

VOLUME XLVIII.

Published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1906.

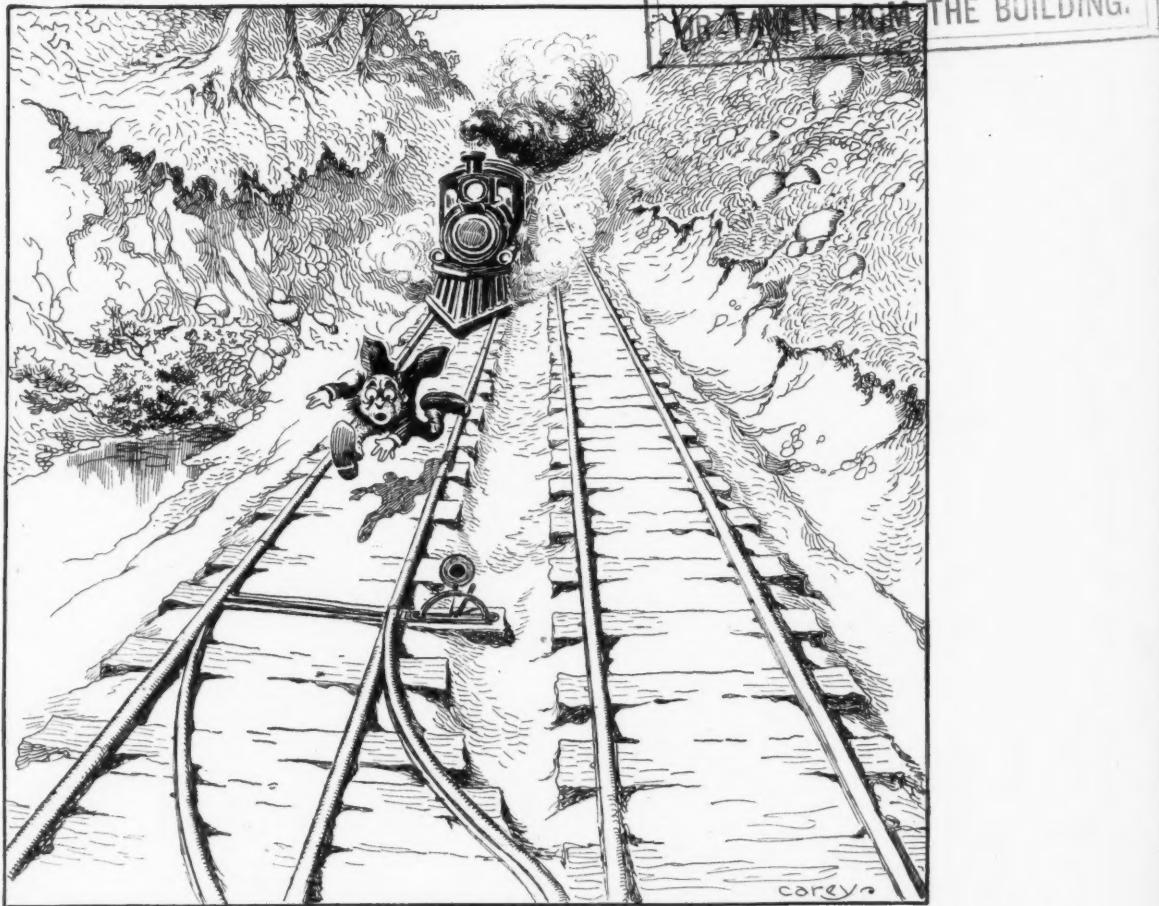
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Middleton 10  
NUMBER 1250.

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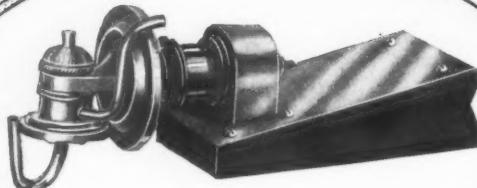
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LIFE

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New Style Primary and Secondary Pneumatics and Wind Chest-made all of Metal and in one piece.

**T**HE only piano-player whose mechanism is made of metal instead of wood and leather.

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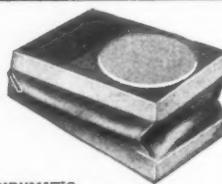
Ask the man who owns one if this is not so.

In the Cecilian Piano-Player the primary and secondary pneumatics, and also the wind chest, are built of steel, brass, and phosphor bronze, and consequently are never affected by atmospheric or climatic changes of any kind, and practically do away with all necessity for repairs.

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Pints \$1.50 dozen. All dealers.  
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## A Face in the Crowd

I LOOKED at him; he didn't see,  
Because he didn't look at me.

And I was glad I didn't face him,  
Because somehow I couldn't place him.

It's awkward when you recognize  
A person's nose and mouth and eyes;

Yet feel that you are in some danger  
Of bowing to a perfect stranger.

That firm, close mouth, that noble brow—  
Who was the fellow, anyhow?

Those piercing eyes, that nose sagacious,  
That beefy neck, that chin pugnacious—

The more I looked at him the more  
I felt I'd seen the man before.

I wished to give the greeting due him,  
Provided that I really knew him.

It seemed to me a perfect shame  
I couldn't recollect his name.

With all of this prolonged inspection  
It didn't help my recollection.

He went, but still his image stays.  
Was he a friend of boyhood's days?

Or were those features tantalizing  
A feature of his advertising?

He might have been an old-time chum  
Or potentate of chewing gum.

I'd give a dollar bill to name him.  
Who was that homely brute, dad blame him?

—Chicago Tribune.

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entered in this contest was selected from STOCK by the committee of judges. Any Jones Speedometer would have performed just as creditably as the Gold Medal instrument. There are more Jones Speedometers in use to-day than all other makes combined.

After deliberating upon the respective merits of each instrument and noting all the points laid down in the regulations for consideration, the judges have placed the entries in the following ORDER OF MERIT:

- 1 Jones
- 2 Elliott
- 3 Cowey Ind.
- 4 Gatze
- 5 Vulcan
- 6 Cowey Rec.
- 7 Warner Auto-Meter

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Speedometer Co.  
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E.T. RICHARDS

### AN ERROR IN LOCATION

Judge: THE COMPLAINANT SAYS YOU STRUCK HIM IN THE NINTH PRECINCT.

Prisoner: HE'S MISTAKEN YER HONOR. IT WAS IN THE TENDERLOIN DISTRICT.

"YOU can't do any good work in the world without offending somebody," said Congressman Longworth in an address. "The man who makes no enemies is the man who does no good."

"Some men but for this fear of making enemies might accomplish something. As it is, they remind me of the dying man who was too cautious even to make his peace with Providence."

"Do you renounce the devil and all his works?" the minister said to this man.

"And the dying man replied in a weak, hesitating voice:

"Please don't ask me that. I'm going to a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies." —Rochester Herald.

### Too Previous

KEMPER: So you had a rough passage on the Atlantic; it was reported your ship had gone down.

TEMPER: Um. That's the reason I'm making a new will. I got back just in time to find my relatives already trying to break the old one.—Detroit Free Press.

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If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address. The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter. Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost.

Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address.

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Life, 17 West 31st Street, New York

# LIFE



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## WATERPORT

Permit until first evening gunfire.

CHIEF OF POLICE

SO READS the traveler's permit when he lands at Gibraltar. With the sound of the sunset gun he passes out. He knows the hour, and he prepares to go.

When the sunset gun sounds for you, at an hour that you cannot know, what preparation will you have made to protect your family?

A sinister note is in the sound of the sunset gun for the man who has thought his life permit would not be retired so soon,—and who has waited for the time when he could "afford" life insurance.

To-day is that time. We would like to tell you how little it costs—what liberal terms are offered by this life insurance company.

Write for information of policies to Department O.

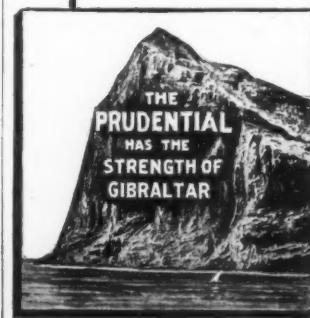
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## PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President  
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



# LIFE



HOLES IN THE WALL

### The Old Dictionary

(With apologies to N. P. Willis)

**R**EFORMER, spare that book!  
Touch not a single word!  
Some of its spellings look  
Queer, not to say absurd;  
But they've been good enough  
For generations past;  
Your movement is a bluff,  
A fad that will not last!

That old familiar tome  
Whose glory and renown

Are known in every home—  
Pray, would you turn it down?  
At what our fathers planned  
Would you presume to carp?  
No, stay your reckless hand,  
You orthographic sharp!

When but an idle boy,  
Its pages I would turn,  
Musing with reverent joy  
On "learn," "burn," "fern," "adjourn."  
Why aren't they spelled the same?

I can't explain that, quite;  
The old book's not to blame—  
I know it must be right!

The dignity of age  
Has hallowed it so long,  
Its most prosaic page  
Reads like a grand, sweet song;  
So let the old book be,  
Or you shall rue, I vow!  
In youth it bothered me,  
But I'll protect it now!

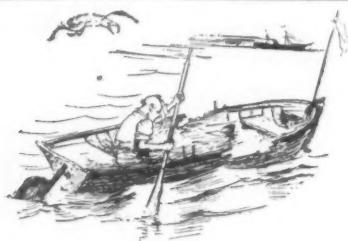


## OCTOBER SCORPIO





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XLVIII. OCT. 11, 1906. No. 1250.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



IT IS debatable whether the Hearst-Murphy exploit of capturing for Hearst the New York State Democratic nomination for Governor ought to be classed as kidnapping or body-snatching. If the Democratic party in New York State is dead it was body-snatching; if alive, it was kidnapping. LIFE admits that it does not yet know which it was. In so far as the party is alive, it must abandon for the time its captured standards and vote for Hughes for Governor, and by comparison of Mr. Hughes's vote with Hearst's we shall be able to form some idea of how many Democrats still exist in New York State and what their chances are of reclaiming their star from the custody of the Hearstites. Just now the party looks undeniably like a corpse, and not a pretty one, either. Charles Murphy is its dominating undertaker, and Murphy, of course, is really of no party, but purely a hold-up politician and chief of what the Hearst papers call a plunderbund. If the Democratic party in New York is really the party of Murphy and Hearst, the sooner it is recognized for what it is the better. So it may be for the best that the Murphy Democrats and the Hearstites should all stand up together and be counted. Hughes is a candidate for whom any one can cheerfully vote who does not want Hearst. There are really no party issues in the old sense in the coming election in New York. It is simply Hughes against Hearst. Hughes is decent and responsible. Hearst is neither. Hughes represents the victory of the best men in the Republican party in New York. Hearst represents the defeat of all that was reputable in the Demo-

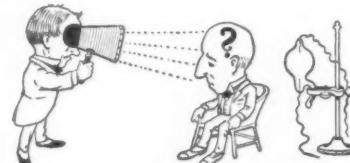
cratic party in New York and the capture of the rest for the mutual profit of Hearst and Murphy. No situation could be clearer. It seems hardly to need much expounding, but what it does need it will get, and we presume there is strength enough in the Republican organization to secure something like a fair vote and a fair count next month, in the city of New York.



THE Albany *Argus*, squirming doubtless at the prospect of supporting Hearst, has invented issues of its own. "Shall the record of Higgins be indorsed and approved? Shall the President have a third term?" These, it says, are the issues. Affirmative, Hughes; negative, Hearst. The *Argus* must be feeling very far from strong. We offer it our sympathy. A despatch from New Hampshire, dated the day after the Buffalo convention, announced that Grover Cleveland had gone fishing. That is an example that the *Argus* might profitably follow.

Mr. Bryan, who lives in Nebraska, has expressed himself as bluntly gratified at Mr. Hearst's nomination and as confident that he will run strong and make a good Governor.

Bourke Cockran, who lives in New York, was somewhat less whole-souled. "If I must choose between rottenness and riot," he said, "riot is the lesser evil of the two." Alas! he took both, for Murphy stands for rottenness and Hearst for riot, whereas Hughes stands for neither.



OUR friend the London *Times* cannot understand how Hearst got his nomination. It finds him described as "a bankrupt in political honor, a traitor, a disgrace to journalism and a wholesale employer of corruption," and it is perplexed at his being wanted as candidate for Governor in such a State as New York. Let us explain: Hearst is a bad lot; a man without character, standards,

compunctions or a sense of what is wrong. His threatened ascendancy is part of the price we pay for privileges given by the tariff to some citizens at the cost of others, for corruption of legislatures and public servants who have traded in franchises, public lands and other privileges, and for that general lust for money which has diverted so much of the time and ability of the country to money making that there has not been enough left for the public service and the guardianship of the interests of the people. Hearst is a symptom. He could not have broken out on us—no, not with Brisbane, Carvalho, Ihmsen, Sam Chamberlain and all his nine newspapers to develop him—unless we had had a bad disease.

Good brother in London, lots of us are hogs and lots more are fools. That's the wherefore of Hearst. We got him for our sins. The reason why we are not more scared about him is that we have not yet lost faith in our capacity for repentance.



THERE is nothing at this writing for us to do about Cuba except to wipe the perspiration off the brow of William Taft and encourage him to do his utmost. He is doing his best to keep an independent government in Cuba that will square with the requirements of the Platt amendment. His intentions are honorable and benevolent. So are the President's; so are Commissioner Bacon's; so are ours. None of us anticipate anything but expense, worry, trouble and discredit from meddling in Cuba. We shall be lucky if both Liberals and Moderates do not hate us and lay for us with machetes. Possibly we shall have to thrash the whole population of Cuba to a standstill, a work that will make an Atlanta race riot look like croquet, and which will probably bring the Czar of Russia on his yacht to Washington to protest against our severity. But we very much hope that Cuba will not need that sort of help from us. Her imperfect effort at self-government promises to strengthen considerably the ties of mutual disadvantage that join us to the Philippines.



# • LIFE •

## Our Fresh Air Fund

DURING the season just passed, LIFE has taken one thousand and fifteen children to the farm at Branchville for a two weeks' outing. It is needless to say that these children have been benefited physically, mentally and morally by this fortnight of fresh air and nourishing food. And the pleasure it gives them is more than for the passing moment.

To quote Mr. Mohr: "We have had no sickness on the place, and all the children enjoyed themselves. So much so that I had to send many home again from the Grand Central, who tried to come to the farm the second time during the same season. Several, who had been here during some previous season, came uninvited, and paid their own transportation."

### STATEMENT

There was no balance on hand at beginning of the season of 1906.  
Received during the season ..... \$4,625 92

### Expenditures

Deficit at beginning of the season.....	\$10 11
Salaries of superintendent, matron, caretakers and help.....	1,860 82
Meat, groceries, milk, etc.....	1,440 81
Transportation of children to and from Farm.....	885 20

Repairs on buildings, painting and sundry expenses.....	\$ 346 67
---	-----------

Total expense.....	\$4,543 61
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Balance to 1907.....	82 31
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	\$4,625 92
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### Acknowledgments

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$4,613 81
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Caleb C. Roberts.....	1 00
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Ralph Roberts.....	1 00
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	\$4,615 81
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To this amount should be added the deficit at the beginning of the season.....	\$ 10 11
--	----------

	\$4,625 92
--	------------

### A Tribute

THAT very popular and successful story-writer Anna Katharine Green is reported to have said to a recent interviewer: "I am just simple enough in my hero-worship to feel satisfied that I have been able to distinguish myself sufficiently to have received heart letters from such masters as Gladstone and Wilkie Collins."

This is an interesting statement. Gladstone and Wilkie Collins were not precisely twins of the intellect; and the author of *The Woman in White* (which may heaven make immortal!) might have been not unnaturally drawn to unbosom himself to the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. But a "heart letter" from Mr. Gladstone was more than an honor; it was an

international episode, which no simplicity of hero-worship can lessen into insignificance. What wonder that the agitated reviewer, contemplating this phenomenon, should reverently exclaim: "How serious is the influence of such a writer in the destinies of men!"

We wish the world could know how far Mr. Gladstone was influenced by Anna Katharine Green. Fiction is a power in the land, and Mr. Lang has just confessed that the book which came nearest to molding his early career was *Oliver Twist*. "Captivated in extreme youth by the Dodger and Charlie Bates, I once very nearly yielded to the temptation to relieve an elderly gentleman of his pocket-handkerchief." If Mr. Gladstone learned from *The Leavenworth Case* and its successors how to commit crime and to conceal it; if he applied the test of these remarkable stories to human nature, and read by their help the habits and thoughts of men, some sidelights might be thrown upon his political tactics. Under any circumstances, a heart-letter from his pen must have been in the nature of a sorely needed revelation. The faculty of concealing his thoughts in words, of separating conviction from argument, was not the least striking of the great statesman's talents.

Agnes Repplier.

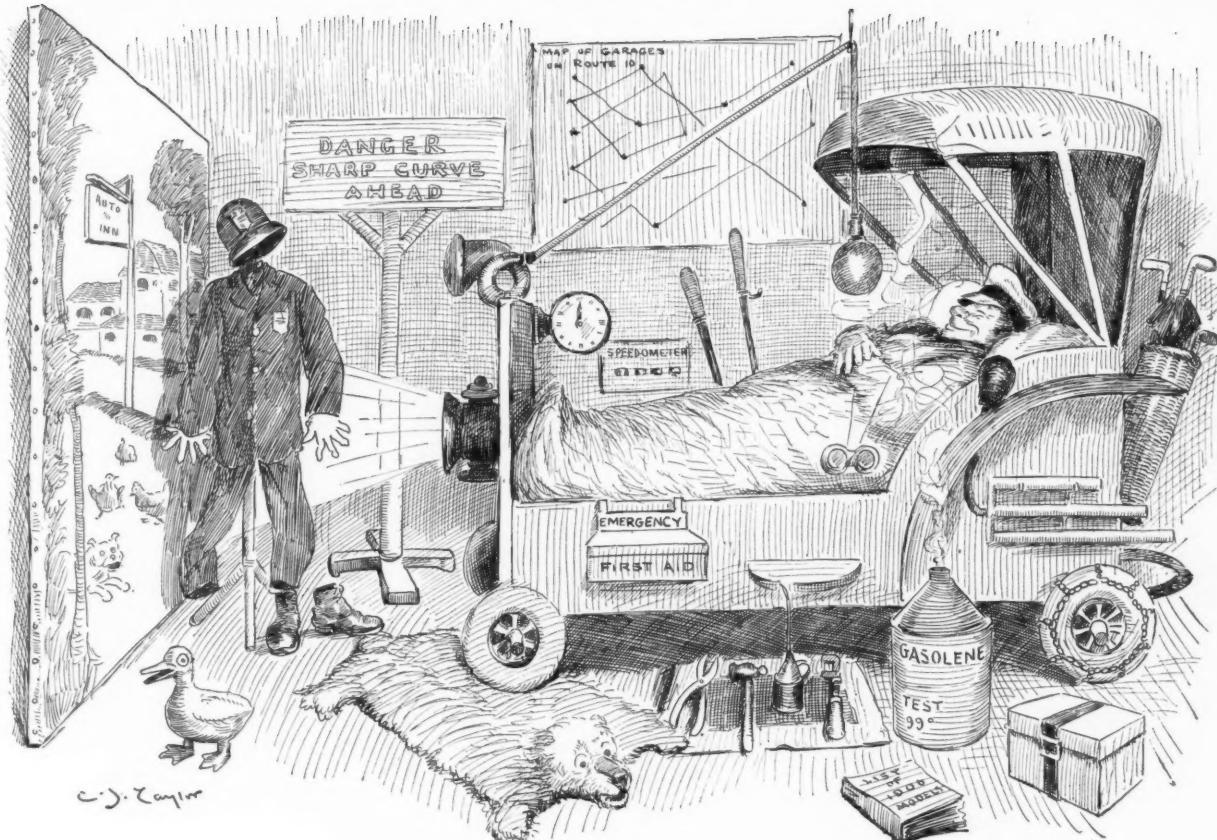


WHY THEY MARRIED

THE REASON SWEET ALICE GOT MARRIED TO-DAY—  
SWEET ALICE, SO PRETTILY BLUSHING—  
SHE HADN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA THAT THE GENT  
HAD ANOTHER WIFE OVER IN FLUSHING!

THE BOND IS A STRONG ONE THAT COUPLES THIS PAIR—  
A CASE IN WHICH JILL FOUND HER JACK.  
THIS STRONG BINDING TIE IS THE JOY THEY BOTH SHARE  
IN RIPPING THEIR FRIENDS UP THE BACK!





THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

SUGGESTION FOR A BEDROOM FOR AN AUTOMOBILE ENTHUSIAST

#### The Modern Novelist's Love Vocabulary



**A**S HE spoke to her, there was in his voice a burst of passionate resentment. She smiled a derisive smile.

He thereupon stood up to his full height and towered above her.

This would have disconcerted some girls, but not her. She let her eyes drop.

He was startled out of himself.

She immediately pulled herself together with a mighty effort.

Which made him lower his voice to a whisper. She responded by tossing her head in the air.

At this his heart almost ceased to beat. But he superbly controlled himself.

As she turned to leave the room he instinctively followed her.

There was a pause

And a silence.

His broad shoulders heaved.

Same for her bosom.

Maddened by his silence, a sigh escaped her ruby lips.

When he spoke again, it was in a manner strangely altered. She had never been more radiant than on that evening. He remarked this to himself.

Suddenly he lost his head.

At the same moment she threw her head on his shoulder. We will now leave them to themselves.

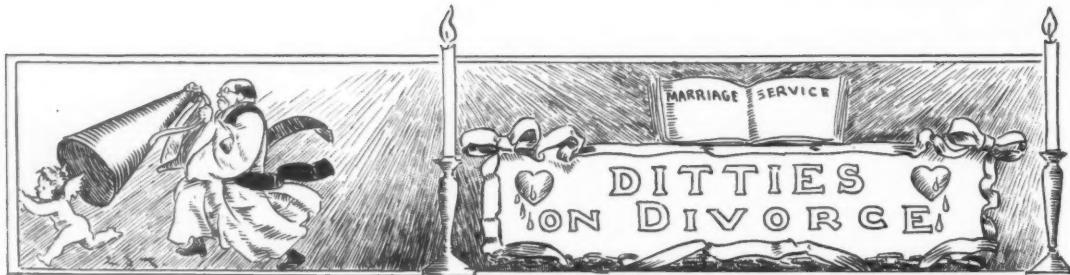
#### Designated

**S**OME friends living luxuriously in a Stanford White house in Connecticut, an elaborately appointed and well-servanted ménage, suddenly became affected with the vegetarian fad. One evening, when the dinner hour came, their solemn and unhappy English butler, having seen that the malted wheat flakes and shredded cornmeal and the graham sticks were on the sideboard, came to the door of the drawing-room and solemnly said, "Madam, IT is served."

#### His Reason

**T**HE OWNER: Why are you arresting us?

**THE COUNTRY CONSTABLE:** Wal, I need th' money. I'm trying ter git enough from fees ter buy an automobile myself!



### What Shall We Do with the Children?

**W**HAT shall we do with the children?"  
That is the moan of the tied.  
If it were not for the children,  
How many homes would abide?  
Poor little powerless children,  
Let not their prayers be denied!

A woman may choose her a husband,  
A man may select him a wife;  
But babies are born unconsulted,  
Prenatally sentenced for life;  
Heirs of environs and instincts,  
Wealth, shame, disease, love or strife.

Sweetest of all the sweet words is  
"Home"—where glad hearts are  
immured;  
Where, in perennial patience,  
Quarrels with kisses are cured;  
Where for the sake of the children  
Trials and griefs are endured.

But if the home is a prison,  
Wedlock a practical joke;  
If growing grievances smolder,  
Stifle, and smother and smoke,  
How shall the little ones prosper  
Under a hypocrite cloak?

Mothers are not always angels,  
Fathers are not always saints;  
Wedlock but couples, not cleanses,  
Hearts that are full of foul taints;  
God help the babies He sends them!—  
Who else shall heed their complaints?

Lust will bring children as quickly  
As the communion of love.  
Skunks, and hyenas and buzzards  
Breed like the doe or the dove.  
Parentage is not quite always  
Daily baptized from above.

Old as the hills that gave echo,  
Old as the hills and the vales,  
Are the old sorrows of children  
Shrinking in vain from the flails  
Wielded where love is not master—  
They are the wind when it wails!

How many hollow-cheeked infants  
Last night fell sobbing to sleep,  
Beaten, starved, cursed by drunk parents?—  
How can you think and not weep?  
Yet by the rights sacramental  
Such fiends such power may keep!

Would you believe it?—the churchmen  
Call all divorce a mistake!  
Whoever whomever married,  
Drug-fiend, adventuress, rake,  
They must keep house thus together  
All for the dear children's sake!

Aye, for the sake of the children,  
Let us take counsel and act,  
First disinfecting tradition,  
Founding ourselves upon fact.  
Then we, mayhap, shall discover  
Remedies ages have lacked.

Bad homes are no homes for children.  
What can they learn there that's right?  
Bad homes are schools of pollution,  
Chain-gangs that toughen and blight,  
Teaching the young mind to haggle,  
Nag, lie, steal, tipple and fight.



Better no mothers than wantons;  
Better no fathers than sots;  
Better no home than a bad one  
Where childhood festers and rots;  
There is your true Calvinistic  
Infant-damnation, God wots!

Often the parents were also  
Victims of parents likewise,  
Taught by example that homelife  
Is but a thing to despise.  
So they bequeath, as inherit,  
Arts of adulterous lies.

Vinegar's good upon salad,  
Honey is good upon bread,  
Each in its place has its virtue,  
But, Lord, how wicked when wed!  
So there are good folks mismated,  
Better divorced, better dead.

How can two parents, discovering  
Their wedding chimes were a knell,  
Turn their child's home to an Eden,  
When they themselves find it hell?  
Why they should make the vain effort,  
Only a churchman can tell.

When either parent is buried  
Other may marry again,  
"Just for a home for the children"—  
Churchmen will murmur "Amen!"  
Sacraments?—they will renew them  
Up to the power of n.

But if one badly used parent,  
For a divorce having sued,  
Seeks a new partner and helpmeet,  
And a new home for the brood,  
Then all the churchmen cry "Horror!"  
Sacraments can't be renewed!

Strange how just being a parson  
Gives one a marvelous mind!  
Strange how inspired is whoever  
Buttons his collar behind!  
Strange that the cloth has not once been  
Bigoted, brutal or blind!

So let us bow to the clergy!  
Pay them their tithe as a toll;

They know what's best for our welfare,  
Let them rule body and soul:  
Bring back the dear old Dark Ages,  
When they had utter control.

Let them wed any to any,  
Lavish the high sacrament;  
And the undoing of errors,  
Let them at all costs prevent;  
However hellish we think it,  
Their rules are all heaven-sent.

If folk don't want to stay wedded,  
Padlock each window and door,  
Chain them in cells with their children,  
Maybe they'll get a few more.  
But what becomes of their offspring  
Let us discreetly ignore.

*John Lomax.*



#### Modern Conversations Man and Wife at Train

"GOOD-BY, dear."  
"Good-by. Don't forget to tell  
Bridget to have the chops for dinner."  
"All right."  
"And be sure and feed the canary."  
"Sure."  
"Lock up the silver every night."  
"Very well."  
"And don't forget that the gas man is  
coming to renew the burners. Be sure  
and have him put the four-foot burner in  
the servant's room."  
"I'll remember."  
"Order kindling wood on Thursday."  
"All right."  
"Consult the list I made out if you  
forget anything."  
"I will."  
"Better not kiss me. People will think  
we are just married."  
"Not if they have been listening."

#### Wall Street

"Been following the market lately?"  
"Not closely. Have you?"  
"I should say so. I was short on Gas."  
"Gone down, hasn't it?"

"Oh, about thirty points. Nice little profit."

"Congratulations."  
"Thanks. Noticed Copper?"  
"No."

"Made a neat turn in it. Bought on rise, sold on decline. Nice little profit."

"That's good. Sorry I"—

"I was on the inside with Reading. Sold short from 40 to 12 and bought back again. Only had a hundred shares. Still, a nice little profit."

"Great. You are lucky."

"Fairly so. By the way, old man, how are you fixed?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, um, you couldn't lend me a fiver, could you?"

#### Evolution

SUMMER resorts go through three stages.

First: People go there to enjoy themselves.

Second: People go there to divert themselves.

Third: People go there to flaunt themselves; then the place is fashionable.

*B. H.*



SEEING HEAVEN

ARRIVAL OF THE MAN WHOSE WIFE NEVER HAD HIS MEALS READY AND WAS A BAD COOK AT THAT

LIE

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ROOSEVELT CROSSING THE DELAWARE

LIE



CROSSING DELAWARE



### From the Bible to Broadway



BEGINNING her career as Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, and crowning that epoch of her existence by becoming Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, she has now ventured into a further glamour by turning her gifts to the improvement of the stage. In the intermediate period her best-known work has been the effort to impart a literary tinge to Mr. Hearst's yellow journals. As a poetess of passion there was no more doubt of her success than of her celebrity in that capacity. As the elevator of the tone of the Hearstian chronicles there may be some question in the minds of the higher critics of contemporary literature. Her dramatic effort is more in line with her earlier aspirations, and to this, and perhaps to early religious training, may be attributed her choice of the biblical story of Esther's love affair for her plot. Many passages of the play recall the fervency of the poetess, who was once so widely quoted by the exchange editors of the daily press. Nowhere does she show the Hearstian impulse except in some eloquent appeals for the downtrodden children of Israel, suffering in the time of Esther from the tyranny of the Persian as their descendants now suffer from the despotism of the Russian. In the play the poetess scorns the simpler rhyming of her earlier style, and enters on the dangerous ground of blank verse. The impression conveyed is that the result, poetically considered, comes more from a saturation of Shakespeare and the Old Testament than from original inspiration. Mr. Joseph Smith—not the one who

illuminates the pages of this journal from time to time with his Celtic - American satire, but that other, who claimed the discovery of the Book of Mormon —wrote in the same saturated vein as if he was the real author of the work which guides the morals of the people of Brigham Young, only his saturation was a little more thorough than that of Mrs. Wilcox. If he had mixed with it a sprinkling of Shakespearean verbiage and had



MR. DALTON AS AHASUERUS AND MR. LOSEE AS HAMAN

he too served an apprenticeship as a poet of passion, the Book of Mormon might have been presented on the New York stage instead of being the chart of a religion. Perhaps it is better that Mrs. Wilcox's maturer product was the play of "Mizpah," now at the Academy of Music, than that she should have used her gifts to make the world richer by another religion.

"Mizpah" considered as dramatic literature cannot be given a high place. It shows too clearly the source of its inspiration, and that it is the effort of a mind not competent to so great an undertaking. Sophomorical is the only word that describes it in the literary sense, and even that conveys an idea of strength, immature though it might be, which is lacking here.

Dramatically the play makes its appeal particularly to that audience which the late Mr. Barnum sought to allure to the delights of the theatre through salving the conscience by calling the place of presentation a "lecture room." The story of Esther, which appeals to the romantic side of readers of the Bible, is made the basis of a play which pretty nearly approaches melodrama in its method of handling. Add to this spectacular features in scenic effect, and we are not far from Mr. Barnum's method of reaching a clientèle very profitable, but on the surface very squeamish. "Mizpah" will appeal to audiences who cannot take their theatre without a religious excuse.

\* \* \*

**V**ASHTI, the queen of Ahasuerus, could not possibly have retained her dominion over the Persian monarch were she so insistent and unattractive a person as she is made to appear in the present cast by Lillian Lamson. If then Esther shone by contrast so strongly as Elizabeth Kennedy's *Esther* does in "Mizpah," the result would never have been in doubt an instant, any more than that *Haman*, not badly played by Mr. Frank Losee, would have been hanged on a gallows even higher than the proverbial one if his villainy had been as transparent as in the play. Mr. Charles Dalton, who will be remembered in the American cast of "The Sign of the Cross," brings dignity and attractiveness of person, as well as excellent elocution, to the part of *Ahasuerus*. The remainder of the cast is only commonplace. The scenery and costuming are elaborate and for the most part effective.

"Mizpah" is very far from being a great play, but it will doubtless entertain and perhaps even excite the class of theatre-goers for whom it was evidently written. The fame of Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a real and genuine basis. Just where the verdict of posterity will place her it is difficult to say, but her ability as a literary dramatist, from what is shown in "Mizpah," will not count in the result.

\* \* \*

**M**MR. NAT GOODWIN seems to be the most difficult of actors to fit with a suitable play. In a trivial medium it seems as though he was wasting powers that should be expended on better material. In more ambitious efforts we regret that he has not confined himself to very light comedy. There is no question of his art. One little bit in "The Genius," a quick movement and a gesture fitted to a line to the effect that he would like to get away from his despised self, conveys in an instant to the audience a picture of a man's utter disgust with his own personality, which could not have been as well expressed in a whole





ELIZABETH KENNEDY AS *Esther*

page of author's talk and a whole scene of ordinary acting. It's these flashes of Mr. Goodwin's ability that make us wish him to achieve great stage accomplishments. His individuality is strongly marked and when he essays something on a more pretentious scale than light comedy or burlesque his personality as a fun maker is

so pronounced that we wish to see him in no other capacity.

"The Genius" is in all conscience light enough material for Mr. Goodwin in his most frivolous mood. It is an ingenious conception which might with advantage be wrought out more seriously, but the authors, the Messrs. William C. and Cecil De Mille, have made it a very local and very frivolous composition. Authors can not be quarreled with if they use their none too abundant supply of material to meet the demands of a public which seems to have no stomach for anything but the most frothy entertainment. The present piece concerns itself with the mild adventures of a rich young man who imposes himself on society as a genius by securing through purchase the credit of the work of three artists in painting, music and sculpture. Incidentally there is a love affair, which enables Mr. Goodwin to do some very good love-making.

The supporting cast is not notable, with the exception of the leading lady, Edna Goodrich, an unusually beautiful young woman, who has unnecessarily studied too closely the methods and intonations of some of her more noted sisters of the stage.

In its entirety, "The Genius" is amusing without making the slightest strain on the thinking powers.

*Metcalfe.*



*Academy of Music*—"Mizpah." See opposite.  
*Astor*—Annie Russell, as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Adequate production and fairly well interpreted.

*Belasco*—"The Girl of the Golden West." Admirably staged and well-acted American drama.

*Bijou*—Mr. Nat Goodwin in "The Genius." See above.

*Casino*—"My Lady's Maid." Musical play of the usual type with some better than usual music.

*Empire*—"His House in Order," with Mr. John Drew as the star. With the exception of some errors in the cast, an excellent performance of Mr. Pinero's interesting play.

*Garrick*—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady."

*Hackett*—"Mr. Hopkinson." Very laughable and well-acted English farce.

*Herald Square*—"About Town." Amusing musical piece with excellent cast.

*Hippodrome*—Elaborate production of ballet, spectacle and circus, all on a large scale.

*Lyric*—Virginia Harned in "The Love Letter." Notice later.

*Majestic*—"The Tourists." Conventional musical play with usual handsome mounting and competent cast, headed by Mr. Richard Golden.

*Manhattan*—"Clothes," with Grace George as the star. Very up-to-date light drama, well cast.

*Princess*—Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." Notice later.

*Weber's*—Hilda Spong in "John Hudson's Wife." A very dainty comedy, interesting and unusually well acted.



OVERHEARD IN PITTSBURG

# BOOKS RECEIVED



**F**RDERICK JESUP STIMSON ("J. S. of Dale") offers us much good reading in his novel *In Cure of Her Soul*. This good reading, it is true, does not, strictly speaking, pull together into a good novel, but that is another matter. The author's method is too discursive for that. His drama wanders too far afield, makes haste too slowly, succeeds too nearly in arriving no whither. But he has lost neither his habit of talking to us behind the backs of his characters nor his knack of entertaining us by these confidences. And the characters themselves are sufficiently concrete and sufficiently likable. The story is of America and of our own generation.

Charles W. Chesnutt's novel, *The Colonel's Dream*, is the story of a Southern man who, retiring after a successful business career in the North, returns to his native town for a visit, becomes interested in its possibilities and attempts to use his means and his practical knowledge for its development. His reception, his popularity, his failure and his disgusted abandoning of his project are told with quiet appreciation of both sides of the significant little drama. The book is entertaining and most acceptably free from sensationalism.

*The Prisoner of Ornith Farm*, by Frances Powell, the author of *The House on the Hudson* and of *The Byways of Braithe*, is, like its predecessors, a tale of mystery and suspense. It is, however, less involved and less long-drawn-out. Moreover, the author has created characters as well as a plot, and she makes us smile as well as hold our breath. In short, very few penny-dreadfuls are made out of such good material.

Ernest Poole's *The Voice of the Street* is a curious experiment in wholesale onomatopoeia, or the suiting of sound to sense. The story follows the career of a New York gamin, with a good voice, as he struggles upward, from singing for a passed hat to an operatic success. The hero has sprung from the streets, and the strident, clamorous, insistent call of the street is in his blood, fighting his genius. The author tries to suggest this by a strident and insistent style which at times is very effective, but at others much resembles a single cylinder auto with the muffler off.

*A Wanderer in Holland*, by E. V. Lucas, is one of the most pleasantly disguised, informal guidebooks that one could ask for. The author is familiar with the country and likes it. He has a

wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject and quotes aptly. He has a good style and a gift for description. He has, however, few opinions of his own and little personal point of view, a fact which makes of his volume a book for travelers instead of a book of travels. It is handsomely illustrated both in color and monochrome.

*Cornish Saints and Sinners*, by J. Henry Harris, is a book of travels of quite another complexion. It is made up of desultory and disconnected comments upon a vacation trip in Cornwall. It includes scattered anecdotes, occasional flashes of insight and occasional passages of amusing observation. But on the whole it demands either a personal knowledge of the country or a specifically British sense of humor for its proper appreciation.

*Cowardice Court* is the latest of George Barr McCutcheon's short story romances, uniform both in merit and make-up with *The Purple Parasol* and *The Day of the Dog*. The situation (these romances of Mr. McCutcheon's are merely exploited situations) is squeezed out of a fool feud between adjacent landowners in the Adirondacks and its recommendations are love, a pretty cover, decorated margins and illustrations by Harrison Fisher.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*In Cure of Her Soul*, by Frederick Jesup Stimson. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Colonel's Dream*, by Charles W. Chesnutt. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Prisoner of Ornith Farm*, by Frances Powell. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Voice of the Street*, by Ernest Poole. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

*A Wanderer in Holland*, by E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.)

*Cornish Saints and Sinners*, by J. Henry Harris. (The John Lane Company.)

*Cowardice Court*, by George Barr McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.)

**I**N LIFE of September 6, full of good things, Jonah and the Whale furnish a subject for the funny man, and the whale is made to say, "Jonah, pay me at once for that inside room you occupied, meals included, forty days and forty nights." Our friend LIFE has got Jonah badly mixed with Noah and his ark. It rained forty days and forty nights, but the time spent by Jonah in the "belly of the whale," as the Good Book hath it, was three days and three nights. What LIFE needs is a Biblical censor.—*Church Chronicle*.

Is our esteemed contemporary sure of his facts? If Jonah was in for three days, why not for forty?

In our opinion, Jonah was altogether too modest.

What was the length of the day at that period? Was it the Biblical day or the 24-hour day? How could he tell whether it was night or day, anyhow? There was no electric light or illuminating gas—that is, none is mentioned.

We believe, if the truth is really known, he was there even more than forty days. It seems to us that the burden of proof is on our esteemed contemporary.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST  
Cooler in the interior



THAT DEFERRED VACATION

# LIFE



## BELLS POE NEVER HEARD

Hear the telephonic bells—  
Nickel-plated bells.  
What a nervous agitation in their petulance dwells;  
How our tempers they excite,  
Through the day or in the night,  
As we hear the operator's shouts and yell!  
"Hello," he says, "hell-o,"  
And we wish he'd thither go,  
For no tomcat caterwauling to such helpless wrath impels;  
And everybody knows  
By the bawling  
And the calling  
How the conversation flows  
As his thoughts into the instrument repeatedly he tells—  
As his thoughts with maladies continually tells—  
Tells, tells, tells.  
And again he rings the bells,  
But the fellow at the other end is disinclined to go.  
So once more he instills  
Some hyphenated syl-la-bles,  
Like a jackdaw in a panic,  
And with vigor quite satanic.  
It is wrong to tear your hair,  
And worse, they say, to swear  
By this or that or here or there or any other where;  
But that was said  
Before were made  
Those palpitating, fast-vibrating telephonic bells—  
Bells, bells, bells, bells,  
And the yells, yells, yells  
Of the speakers and the hearers at those bells.

—*Belfast (Ireland) Gazette.*

THE country editor has to take his constituents into his confidence. The editor of an Oklahoma paper writes thus: "The editor of the *News-Republican* is going to tog up a little this evening. Going to change collars and put on a pair of cuffs, if he can find any. Going to get shaved, and going to get our shoes shined and the pegs cut out, so we can walk right pearly. Ma's acomin' down to see us. You know who ma is. Ma is our only ma, and she's a good one, too—one of the old Ohio Quaker sort, you know. Ma lives in Kingfisher. She was our ma when we were born; she was our ma out in Western Kansas when we hunted prairie coal; she was our ma when we drank parched corn coffee in old Oklahoma in '89, and she's our ma now. She's the best ma we ever knew. If you see us to-morrow walking down the street with a little woman with a smile on her face, you'll know that's ma. If you never had a ma, you should get one—and one like our ma, too."

"IT DOESN'T pay to be overbearing," said the first trust magnate. "You're right," agreed the second trust magnate. "Never defy the law. Just ignore it!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER, ETC.

Timothy Woodruff was once enjoying a walk in the vicinity of Albany when he came upon two men rolling about in the road in a desperate fight. The man on top was pummeling the other unmercifully. Mr. Woodruff intervened, with the result that an armistice was declared between the two.

"I don't see how you can look me in the face," indignantly exclaimed Woodruff to the man who had been on top—an individual who was, by the way, a much larger man than his opponent. "Don't you know that it's an infernal shame to keep striking a man when he's down?"

A broad grin came to the countenance of the rebuked one. "Sure, me friend," he said, "if ye knew all the trouble I had to git him down, ye wouldn't be talkin' like that!"—*Lippincott's.*



*Son (to father who is visiting from one of the Middle States):*  
WELL, PA, AT LAST YOU CAN SAY YOU'VE SEEN THE OCEAN.  
"OI CAN, BUT IT'S A DISAPPOINTMENT—"TIS NO WHERE NEAR AS BIG AS I THOUGHT IT WAS."

## A WEST-END SENSATION

It was at an afternoon party. The hostess, anxious for a sensation and desiring something other than the orthodox thought-reader and the fraudulent palmist, engaged a troupe of performing fleas for the entertainment of her guests. The party was a great success. When it broke up a loud wail rent the air. It was the voice of the impresario frantic with excitement.

"What is it? Tell me I implore you!" said the hostess.  
"Ach, madame, I has lost von of my fleas! Vere has it gone?"  
At that moment a lady wearing a gray gown brushed past him.  
"Ach, madame, pardon," said the manager, greatly relieved, lightly picking up something from her shoulder—"von of my artistes!"—*The Tatler.*

## ITEMS OF NEEDED LEGISLATION

For instance, there ought to be a law prohibiting the crushing of mint in the compilation of a julep.

There ought to be a law forbidding the use of the doggerel known as "baby" talk, or "goo-goo" talk, to infants, on the ground that it retards the progress of young Americans in the mastery of real English.

It ought to be declared a felony for any one at the theater to tell his companion "what's coming next."

A law should declare it perfectly proper for a clergyman to say something besides "Fudge!" when he hits at a golf ball and plows up a ton of earth.

It should be illegal for a preacher to reiterate his text more than fifty times in the course of one sermon, or to go higher than the "thirtieth" in his enumeration of points to be made.

It should be against the law for any group of women to discuss the servant problem more than one hour at a time without a change of subject, unless they first obtain a written permission of the President of the United States.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE most religious State—Mass.  
The cleanly State—Wash.  
The most egotistical State—Me.  
The sickliest State—Ill.  
The most maidenly State—Miss.  
The medical State—Md.  
The most paternal State—Pa.  
The mining State—Ore.

—*Exchange.*

Exactly, brother, and we may add:  
The bunco State—Conn.  
The deep in debt State—O.  
The coy State—La.  
The personal State—U.  
The Swift Divorce State—S. D.  
The liquid State—Flo.  
The card-sharp State—Mont.  
And the oldest State—Ark.

—*Boston Transcript.*

## DIVORCE LAW SUGGESTION

A clergyman was railing against divorce. "We ought to have the divorce law that was enforced in ancient Greece," he said. "If that old Greek clause was tacked to every separation, I am persuaded that divorces would fall off 60 to 70 per cent.

"This law was that, when a man got a divorce, he could not under any circumstances marry another woman younger than his ex-wife.

"An innocent law, a brief law—not much to look at—but how many divorce suits would be nipped in the bud if all husbands knew that after the separation they could not marry younger women than the wives they had cast off?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

## FOUNDATION ALMOST COMPLETED

Mr. Henry James is at work on a new novel. The greater portion of the opening sentence is already completed.—*London Tribune.*

"YES, Biddleford's Russian scheme was an entire failure. 'What did he go there for?' 'To organize an accident insurance company.'—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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That's All!

## THE PURITY OF Hunter Rye

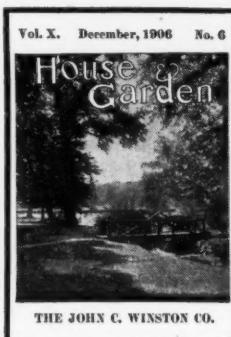
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AND REFINEMENT OF AGE  
CAN MAKE IT—THE HIGH-  
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By the Light of the Soul	Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman	Tides of Barnegat, The	F. Hopkinson Smith
Citizen Fighting Chance, The	Winston Churchill	Treasure of Heaven, The	Marie Corelli
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1906  
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Whose heart is kind and love is true;  
Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,  
Whose spirit proud you cannot down;  
Here's to the girl with eyes of gray,  
Whose sunny smile drives care away;  
Whate'er the hue of their eyes may be,  
I'll drink to the girls a toast with thee."

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STRETCHING IT

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, and then queried: "Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the two top stories on hinges."

"What for?" asked the American.

"So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.—*Exchange*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

WELL PUT

We respectfully suggest that when the State takes charge of the railroads a law be passed limiting the number of attorneys to one for every two miles of road.—*Greensboro (N. C.) News*.

THE PARSON: That's an exceedingly thin horse of yours, coachman. You surely cannot feed him enough.

CABBY: Ho, yus, sir; I do. 'E as 'is good times. Yer see, I tors 'im every morning whether 'e 'as a few oats or I 'ave 'alf a pint, and 'e's lost the last four mornings.—*Athy Sloper*.

HEALTH AND REST; NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

IT is remarkable that the personality of the man who shares with George Meredith the position of the greatest living English novelist should be so little known, but Thomas Hardy always was and always will be a recluse. A rather good story of him is now going the rounds in England. Mr. Hardy was once attending a drawing-room function at which Mme. Sarah Grand and a certain eminent clergyman and his wife were present. As it happened, Mr. Hardy knew the clergyman, but not his wife, while for Mme. Sarah Grand the case was reversed. The two couples were talking at opposite ends of the room, when the clergyman remarked to the Wessex novelist: "I hear Mme. Sarah Grand is here. Will you introduce me to her?" Mr. Hardy went across to Mme. Grand, and, ignorant that the clergyman's wife was standing by, said: "Old H— wants to meet you, but if you think he'll bore you, I can easily make some excuse." He got no further, for he suddenly came to the conclusion that something was wrong.—*Rochester Herald*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

A SOUTHERN gentleman, carving a chicken at dinner one day, was perplexed to find that the bird had but one leg. The nervousness of his darky butler at the time of the discovery gave him a clue to the fate of the other leg. When the meal was over he questioned the darky.

"Dat suhntien am strange, suh. It mus' be dat dat fool bird only had one laig in de just place."

"Washington," said the master, severely, "did you ever see a chicken with but one leg?"

Just then the darky caught sight of a fowl in the yard with one leg drawn up under her.

"Quick, massa, look dar!" he cried, excitedly. "Dar's one now."

The gentleman went to the door and said "Shoo!" The fowl quickly lowered the hidden leg and scurried off.

"Yes, massa, yes," protested the darky, "but yo' nevah said 'shoo' to de one on de table."—*Everybody's*.

Miss S. Gardner Pinckney announces the opening of the London Tea Rooms at 291 Fifth Avenue. Luncheon served after October first.

A RARE MAN

"You seem to think a great deal of Butts."

"I do."

"What's so wonderful about him?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Nurdy. He happens to know that I have a little money saved up, and yet he has never approached me with a scheme."—*Pittsburg Post*.



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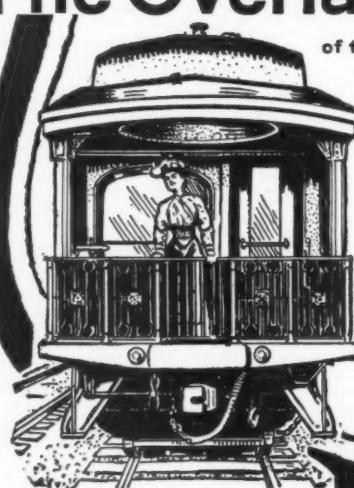
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EXTRA DRY  
**Champagne**

throughout the  
meal.

**OLD CROW RYE** A STRAIGHT **WHISKEY**

The Willie Boys

(Compiled for the Baltimore American by Ralph A.  
Lyon)

WILLIE to the circus went,  
He thought it was immense;  
His little heart went pitter-pat,  
For the excitement was in tents.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

Willie put his stocking on  
Wrong-side out and thought it fun;  
Mother didn't like his whim,  
So she turned the hose on him.  
—Philadelphia Record.

Loud the baby screamed, and louder;  
Willie fed her insect powder.  
Scolded, answered with a shrug,  
"Little sister acted bug."  
—Anonymous.

She sits in sorrow, her refined  
And still un wrinkled face is grave,  
Though Time to her has been most kind—  
Her Willie has begun to shave.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willie saw some dynamite;  
Didn't understand it quite;  
Poked it with his little stick;  
Rained little Willie for a week.  
—Anonymous.

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes  
By and by the room grew chilly—  
But no one liked to wake up Willie.  
—Harry Graham.

Willie ate a tablet  
The family doctor gave;  
Now he's got a big one  
On his little grave.  
—Anonymous.

Willie, on the railroad track,  
Failed to hear the engine squeal—  
Now the engine's coming back  
Scraping Willie off the wheel.  
—Anonymous.

With green apples little Willie  
His interior precincts piled;  
For the first time since he toddled  
Willie's now an angel child.  
—Baltimore American.

Luckily

DURING the Spanish war, while the battleships were on blockade at Santiago, it was customary to load the six-pounder guns every evening to protect against possible torpedo-boat attack. While the triggers were being eased down one of the guns on the Massachusetts was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarterdeck of the Texas, which was lying next in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet above their heads. Almost before it struck the water a signal was started on the Texas from its commanding officer, Captain Jack Philips, to the commanding officer of the Massachusetts. The signal was: "Good line but a trifle high." —Harper's Weekly.

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By JOHN AMES MITCHELL

*Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," Etc.*

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Now  
Ready



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### Shakespearean Melodrama

COLTON MAYNARD, an instructor in English at the Cheshire Academy, Cheshire, Conn., has been in the habit for some time of asking the boys in his Shakespeare class to give appropriate titles for the scenes in different plays. The other day, after reading "The Merchant of Venice," he asked one of the boys to suggest a good title for the scene where Jessica steals away from her father's house with Lorenzo. The boy showed his familiarity with melodrama, if not with Shakespeare, by answering quickly, "No Mother to Guide Her." — *Harper's Weekly*.

### Victim of a Confidence Game

UNCLE JOSH, fresh from Upcreek, had been inspecting the family ice-box.

"Henry," he said, "you told me you was gittin' artificial ice. The feller that sells it to you is foolin' you. I've looked at it, and tetchet it, and if it ain't real ice, by gum, I never saw any." — *Chicago Tribune*.



The dog : THESE DAYS EVERYBODY WEARS CAST-IRON CLOTHES. WHY DO THEY WANT TO MUZZLE A POOR KIWI LIKE ME?

HENRY B. STANFORD, for several years the leading man with Sir Henry Irving's company, tells this good story of the famous actor: "Sir Henry's wit was of an almost Voltairean character. Once while I was rehearsing 'Faust' with him at the Lyceum Theatre in London—we were doing the Brockin scene and he had occasion to reprove an army of exuberant supers—he stopped the rehearsal and all was silence. Then, in that quiet, grim way of his, he said: 'Very charming—but you must remember that you are in hell—not picnicking on Hampstead Heath.' — *Rochester Herald*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

### Diagnosed

TOMMY: Father what is a perfect gentleman?

FATHER: A perfect gentleman is a man who, when you begin telling him your troubles, does not interrupt by trying to tell you his. — *Toronto Truth*.

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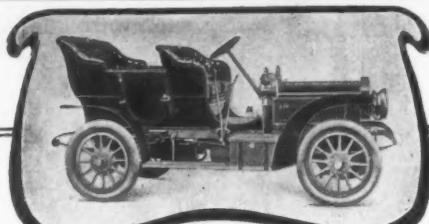
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